

"WHO TOUCHED ME?"

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Helping of Others.

There Must Be Some Self-Sacrifice—Even Christ Felt That Strength Had Gone Out of Him When He Made the Woman Whole.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage chose for his subject the inquiry addressed by the Saviour to those who surrounded Him when the invalid woman having touched His garment, He asked, "Who Touched Me?"—Mark v. 31. Dr. Talmage said:

A great crowd of excited people elbowing each other this way and that, and Christ in the midst of the commotion. They were on the way to see Him restore to complete health a dying person. Some thought He could effect the cure, others that He could not. At any rate, it would be an interesting experiment. A very sick woman of twelve years' invalidism is in the crowd. Some say her name was Martha, others say it was Veronica. I do not know what her name was; but this is certain, she had tried all styles of cure. She had employed many of the doctors of that time, when medical science was more rude and rough and ignorant than we can imagine at this time, when the words physician or surgeon stand for potent and educated skill. I suppose she had been blistered from head to foot, and had tried the compress, and had used all styles of astringent herbs, and she had been mauled and hacked and cut and lacerated until life to her was a plague!

What, poor woman, are you doing in that jostling crowd? Better go home and to bed and nurse your disorders. No! Wan and wasted and faint she stands there, her face distorted with suffering, and ever and anon biting her lip with some acute pain, and sobbing until her tears fall from the hollow eye upon the faded dress; only able to stand because the crowd is so close to her pushing her this way and that. Stand back! Why do you crowd that poor body? Have you no consideration for a dying woman? But just at that time the crowd parts and this invalid comes almost up to Christ; but she is behind Him and His human eye does not take her in. She has heard so much about His kindness to the sick, and she does feel so wretched, she thinks if she can only touch Him once it will do her good. She will not touch Him on the sacred head, for that might be irreverent. She will not touch Him on the hand for that might seem too familiar. She says: "I will, I think, touch Him on his coat, not on the top of it, or on the bottom of the main fabric, but on the border, the blue border, the long threads of the fringe of that blue border; there can be no harm in that. I don't think He will hurt me, I have heard so much about Him. Beside that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my last hope." And she presses through the crowd and reaches for Christ, but cannot quite touch Him. She pushes through the crowd and kneels and puts her finger to the edge of the blue fringe of the border. She just touches it. Quick as an electric shock there thrilled back into her shattered nerves and shrunken veins and exhausted arteries and panting lungs and withered muscles, health, beautiful health, rubicund health, God-given and complete health. The twelve years' march of pain and pang and suffering over suspension-bridge of nerve through tunnel of bone instantly halted.

Christ recognizes somehow that magnetic and healthful influence through the medium of the blue fringe of His garment had shot out. He turns and looks upon that excited crowd, and startles them with the interrogatory of my text, "Who touched Me?" The insolent crowd in substance replied: "How do you know? You get in a crowd like this, and you must expect to be jostled. You ask us a question you know we cannot answer." But the roseate and rejuvenated woman came up and knelt in front of Christ, and told of the touch, and told of the restoration, and Jesus said: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace." So Mark gives us a dramatization of the gospel. Oh, what a doctor Christ is! In every one of our households may he be the family physician.

Notice that there is no addition of help to others without subtraction of power from ourselves. The context says that as soon as this woman was healed, Jesus felt that virtue or strength had gone out of Him. No addition of help to others without subtraction of strength from ourselves. Did you never get tired for others? Have you never preached a sermon, or delivered an exhortation, or offered a burning prayer, and then felt afterward that strength had gone out of you? Then you have never imitated Christ.

If Omnipotence cannot help others without depletion, how can we expect to bless the world without self-sacrifice? A man who gives to some Christian object until he feels it; a man who in his occupation or profession works that he may educate his children; a man who on a Sunday night goes home, all his nervous energy wrung out by active service in church or Sabbath school, or city evangelization, has imitated Christ.

A mother who robs herself of sleep in behalf of a sick cradle; a wife who bears up cheerfully under domestic misfortune that she may encourage her husband in the combat against disaster; a woman who by hard saving and earnest prayer and good counsel, wisely given, and many years devoted to rearing her family for God and usefulness and Heaven, and who has nothing to show for it but premature gray hairs and a profusion of deep wrinkles, is like Christ, and strength has gone out of her. That strength or virtue may have gone out through a garment she has made for the home; that strength may have gone out through the sock that you knit for the barefooted destitute; that strength may go out through the mantle hung up in some closet after you are dead. So a crippled child sat every morning on her father's front step so that when the kind Christian teacher passed by to school she might take hold of her dress and let the dress slide through her pale fingers. She said it helped her pain so much and made her so happy all the day. Aye, have we not in all our dwelling garments of the departed, a touch of which thrills us through and through, the life of those who are gone thrilling through those who stay? But mark you, the principle I evolve from this subject. No addition of health to others unless there be a subtraction of health from ourselves. He felt that strength had gone out of Him.

Notice, also, in this subject a Christ sensitive to human touch. We talk about God on a vast scale so much we hardly appreciate his accessibility. God in magnitude rather than God in minuteness; God in the infinite rather than God in the infinitesimal; but here in my text we have a God arrested by a suffering touch. When in the sham trial of Christ they struck him on the cheek we can realize how that cheek tingled with pain. When under the scourging the rod struck the shoulders and back of Christ, we can realize how he must have writhed under the lacerations. But here there is a sick and nerveless finger that just touches the long threads of the fringe of his coat, and he looks around and says: "Who touched Me?"

We talk about sensitive people, but Christ was the impersonation of all sensitiveness. The slightest stroke of the smallest finger of human disability makes all the nerves of His head and heart and hand and feet vibrate. It is not a stolid Christ; not a phlegmatic Christ; not a hard Christ; not an iron-clad Christ, but an exquisitely sensitive Christ that my text unveils. All the things that touch us touch Him. If by the hand of prayer we make the connecting line between Him and ourselves complete.

You know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents—a current of sorrow rolling up from your heart to Christ, and a current of commiseration rolling from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, why do you go unhelped? Why do you go wondering about this and wondering about that? Why do you not touch Him?

Are you sick? I do not think you are any worse off than this invalid of the text. Have you had a long struggle? I do not think it has been more than twelve years. Is your case hopeless? So was this of which my text is the diagnosis and prognosis. "Oh," you say, "there are so many things between me and God." There was a whole mob between this invalid and Christ. She pressed through, and I guess you can press through.

Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ shows Himself especially sympathetic with questions of domesticity, as when at the wedding in Cana he alleviated a housekeeper's predicament, as when tears rushed forth at the broken home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes ashamed to weep. There are men who if the tears start will conceal them. They think it is unmanly to cry. They do not seem to understand it is manliness and evidence of a great heart. I am afraid of a man who does not know how to cry. The Christ of the text was not ashamed to cry over human misfortune. Look at that deep lake of tears opened by the two words of the evangelist: "Jesus wept!"

"Oh," says some one, "Christ don't care for me. Christ is looking the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of His kingdom to look after. He has the armies of sin to overthrow, and there are so many worse cases of trouble than mine He doesn't care about me, and His face is turned the other way." So His back was turned to this invalid of the text. He was on His way to effect a cure which was famous and popular and wide-resounding. But the context says: "He turned Him about." He whom all the allied armies of hell cannot stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan, sick, nerveless finger of human suffering turned clear about.

Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for people who are called nervous. Of course it is a misapplied word in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After twelve years of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she must have had. You all know that a good deal of medicine taken, if it does not cure, leaves the system exhausted, and in the Bible in so many words she "had suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." She was as nervous as nervous could be.

When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say she

is making the way for all nervous people. Nervous people do not get much sympathy. If a man breaks his arm everybody is sorry, and they talk about it all up and down the street. If a woman has an eye put out by accident, they say: "That's a dreadful thing." Everybody is asking about her convalescence. But when a person is suffering under the ailment of which I am now speaking, they say: "Oh, that's nothing, she's a little nervous, that's all," putting a slight upon the most agonizing of sufferings.

Now, I have a new prescription to offer you—I do not ask you to discard human medication. I believe in it. Use all right and proper medicines. But I want you to bring your insomnia, and bring your irritability, and bring all your weaknesses, and with them touch Christ. Touch Him not only on the hem of His garments, but touch Him on the shoulder where He carries our burden, touch Him on the head where He remembers all our sorrows, touch Him on the heart, the center of all His sympathies. Oh, yes, Paul was right when he said: "We have not a high priest who cannot be touched."

The fact is, Christ himself is nervous. All those nights out of doors in malarial districts where an Englishman or an American dies if he goes at certain seasons. Sleeping out of doors so many nights as Christ did, and so hungry, and His feet wet with the wash of the sea, and the wilderness tramp and the persecution and the outrage must have broken down His nervous system—a fact proved by the statement that he lived so short a time on the cross. That is a lingering death, ordinarily, and many a sufferer on the cross has writhed in pain twenty-four hours, forty-eight hours. Christ lived only six. Why? He was exhausted before He mounted the bloody tree. Oh, it is a worn-out Christ, sympathetic with all people worn out.

A Christian woman went to the Tract House, in New York, and asked for tracts for distribution. The first day she was out on her Christian errand she saw a policeman taking an intoxicated woman to the station house. After the woman was discharged from custody, this Christian tract distributor saw her coming away, all unkempt and unlovely. The tract distributor went up, threw her arms around her neck, and kissed her. The woman said: "O, my God, why do you kiss me?" "Well," replied the other, "I think Jesus Christ told me to." "Oh, no," the woman said, "don't you kiss me; it breaks my heart. Nobody has kissed me since my mother died." But that sisterly kiss brought her to Christ; started her on the road to Heaven. The world wants sympathy. It is dying for sympathy, large-hearted Christian sympathy. There is omnipotence in the touch. Oh, I am so glad that when we touch Christ, Christ touches us. The knuckles and the limbs and the joints, all falling apart with that living death called the leprosy, a man is brought to Christ. A hundred doctors could not cure him. The wisest surgery would stand appalled before that loathsome patient. What did Christ do? He did not amputate. He did not poultice. He did not scarily. He touched him and he was well. The mother-in-law of the Apostle Peter was in a raging fever, brain fever, typhoid fever, or what, I do not know. Christ was the physician. He offered no lebrifuge, he prescribed no drops, He did not put her on plain diet. He touched her and she was perfectly well. Two blind men came stumbling into a room where Christ is. They are entirely sightless. Christ did not lift the eyelid to see whether it was cataract or ophthalmia. He touched them and they saw everything. A man came to Christ. The drum of his ear had ceased to vibrate and he had a stuttering tongue. Christ touched the ear and he heard, touched his tongue and he articulated. There is a funeral coming out of that gate, a widow following her only boy to the grave. Christ cannot stand it, and he puts his hand on the hearse and the obsequies turn into a resurrection day.

O, my brother, I am so glad when we touch Christ with our sorrows He touches us. When out of your grief and vexation you put your hand on Christ it wakens all human reminiscence. Are we tempted? He was tempted. Are we sick? He was sick. Are we persecuted? He was persecuted. Are we bereft? He was bereft. I preach a Christ so near you can touch Him—touch Him with your guilt and get pardon—touch Him with your trouble and get comfort—touch Him with your bondage and get manumission. You have seen a man take hold of an electric chain. A man can with one hand take one end of the chain and with the other hand he may take hold of the other end of the chain. Then a hundred persons taking hold of that chain will altogether feel the electric power. You have seen that experiment. Well, Christ with one wounded hand takes hold of one end of the electric chain of love, and with the other wounded hand takes hold of the other end of the electric chain of love and all earthly and angelic beings may lay hold of that chain, and around and around in sublime and everlasting circuit runs the thrill of terrestrial and celestial and brotherly and saintly and cherubic and seraphic and archangelic and divine sympathy. So that if this morning Christ should sweep His hand over this audience and say, "Who touched Me?" there would be hundreds and thousands of voices responding: "If I II!"

KANSAS STATE NEWS.

Labor Commissioner Todd is endeavoring to enforce the state eight-hour law.

Hon. Thomas Ryan, late minister to Mexico, has returned to his home in Topeka.

Kansas is coming to the front. She got two more fourth-class postmasters a few days ago.

Three men were lately fined \$3 each at Topeka for playing cards on Sunday. They were tried under an old law that had been "dug up."

The state board of education at its late session in Topeka adopted a rule that any college whose collegiate course of study has been approved can establish a normal course, which shall include the work done up to and embracing the sophomore year.

The state authorities have instructed the county attorney of Douglas county to investigate the affairs of the paper mill at Lawrence, with the view of ascertaining if it belongs to the paper trust, and if such is found to be the case to arrest the agents of the trust.

Kansas recently secured the following fourth-class postmasters: At Pawnee Rock, Barton county, Andrew Daniels; at Talmo, Republic county, A. E. Whan; at Athol, Smith county, A. J. Hemm; at Dunlap, Morris county, C. C. Vickers; at Meade, Meade county, D. B. Stutsman.

A bulletin of great value to stock-raisers has been issued by the department of entomology of the University of Kansas on the horn-fly of cattle. It is issued as a warning to farmers and stock-raisers against the horn-fly and presents valuable suggestions and methods for avoiding and destroying this injurious insect.

Sealskin Wilkes, a valuable trotting stallion, owned by E. A. Smith, of Norwood stock farm, just west of Lawrence, died recently of laryngitis. The horse was sired by the famous George Wilkes, was 12 years old and cost \$12,000 eight years ago. Mr. Smith was offered \$11,000 for the stallion several times this spring, but refused to sell.

During the absence of Alfred Page and wife, residing near Topeka, their residence took fire the other day. The children were in the house. Mrs. Page, who was at a neighbor's, saw the fire and there was a general rush to save the little ones. She and the neighbors got to the house just in time to get the children out, but nothing else was saved.

The attorney-general has officially advised Superintendent of Insurance Snyder that the insurance business of Kansas must be done by regularly established agents of the companies or corporations within the state. He says the non-resident section of the Kansas insurance law was intended to compel fire insurance companies authorized to do business in the state to transact it through resident agents.

The governor has appointed the following delegates to the national conference of charities and corrections to be held at Chicago June 12: Mary E. Lease, Wichita; M. A. Householder, Columbus; R. T. Walker, Olathe; C. E. Faulkner, Atchison; W. S. Waite, Lincoln Center; H. B. Kelly, McPherson; C. K. Wiles, Winfield; W. G. Todd, Topeka; T. Hoyt Pitcher, Winfield; A. E. Hitchcock, Columbus; W. T. Yoe, Independence; W. J. Hurd, Holton.

Gov. Leveiling has appointed the following delegates to Ignatius Donnelly's anti-coal combine convention to be held at Chicago June 5: L. Houch, Hutchinson; B. Nichols, Wichita; G. C. Clemens, Topeka; F. Burleigh Johnson, Topeka; S. McLaughlin, Topeka; Noah Allen, Wichita; E. Bierer, Hiawatha; E. C. Clark, Hutchinson; W. H. Ryan, Brazilton; Lyman Nangle, Wellington; W. H. T. Wakefield, Lawrence; Richard Hawkins, Marysville; G. R. Burnett, Topeka.

The state convention of the Kansas Sabbath union, lately in session at Topeka, adopted resolutions condemning the Sunday opening of the world's fair, and advising all Christians to remain away from the exposition. The convention also condemned the Sunday newspaper as one of the principal causes of Sabbath desecration. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. W. M. Bishop, of Salina; secretary, Rev. A. N. See, of Salina; treasurer, Rev. F. M. Porch, of Topeka.

The grand lodge, K. of P., in session at Salina, chose the following officers: Grand chancellor, W. H. Bridenbaugh, of Wichita; vice chancellor, P. C. Loomis, Galena; grand prelate, C. C. Garrettson, Manhattan; grand master, F. S. Larabee, Stafford; grand keeper of records and seal, G. J. Neubert, Kansas City, Kan.; grand M. of W., L. Beardsley, Ottawa; grand inner guard, George Earb, Ulysses; grand outer guard, A. W. Bird, Topeka. F. S. Merstetter was re-elected supreme representative.

The state military board recently held a session at Topeka at which there was a complete reorganization of the national guard. The reorganization was made so as to conform to the national military regulations adopted last year. These make a company consist of eight squads of eight men each, with five officers and a bugler, a maximum of seventy men, while under the old regulations the maximum of a company was sixty men. The state has been divided into three brigade divisions, with Gen. Sears in command of the first, Gen. Hettinger of the second, and Gen. Parsons of the third.

STRIP OPENING.

Secretary Smith Somewhat Perplexed as to a Plan for Opening the Cherokee Strip.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—"Some time ago," said Secretary Hoke Smith yesterday afternoon, "I said that I was bound and determined to figure out some way to open the Cherokee outlet other than the old-time scampering, pell-mell, race-horse method popular in other and former openings. Today I am bound to confess that I cannot do it. Every other way suggested ran slap up against the law before we got through. After several weeks of study I must say I see no other way than to open the outlet and permit the people to make their land selections the same way they did before. My people are working night and day at the preliminaries, and you can say that we will surely have the outlet opened by September 15. In fact I expect that will be very near the opening date."

"No, I can not say anything as to how the opening in its other details will be managed as we have not fully perfected our plans. Land-grabbers and speculators will have a hard road to travel. You can say that honest home-seekers will get their rights this time."

Secretary Smith did not say so, but the truth is that the present scheme of opening the strip contemplates only one land office for the whole strip. This land office will not be open nor transact any business for one month after the day of opening. Even then it will not be open for the entire strip. It is proposed to chop up the strip into small blocks containing a few townships, and then give each block a particular and certain day fully advertised before hand on which day men may file for lands in that particular block and no other. This will avoid a rush and permit justice to be done.

KANSAS CROPS.

Weather Bureau Report on Wheat and Other Crops.

TOPEKA, Kan., May 23.—T. B. Jennings, observer of weather bureau, issued his regular weekly crop bulletin last evening. It makes the most unfavorable showing for the wheat crop of this season. It is as follows:

Good rains are generally reported from the southern third of the state, while in the northern half of the state no rain occurred until the closing hours of the week, when some heavy rains fell in the Kaw valley, in which local hailstorms occurred. The heaviest rains for the week fell in the southern townships of Sedgewick and in Grant and Haskell.

The average temperature for the week has been about normal except in the extreme west and northwest where an excess of temperature is reported. An excess of sunshine has prevailed, except in Labette, Reno, Clark and Meade where it was normal.

In the southern half of the eastern third of the state wheat is in good condition and doing well; it is heading out in Linn and Miami. It has greatly improved in Harper, Sedgewick, Harvey and Marion, and in the extreme southwestern counties. Corn is doing well over a much larger area than wheat, but in the west and northwest is suffering for moisture. Potatoes are growing finely in the eastern half of the state. Grass in general has received more benefit than any other crop. Fruits are generally reported light. Hot winds on the 18th in Kearney, Wichita, Logan, Thomas and Ford counties threatened vegetation.

In that portion of the state where the wheat crop is reported good chinch bugs are reported in some localities in large numbers. In many of the western counties Mr. Jennings' advices indicate a total failure of the wheat crop. The bare wheat fields are being plowed and planted to corn.

DASTARDLY IF TRUE.

A Chemist Discovers His Wife While Experimenting and Afterwards Deserts Her for Another Woman.

NEW YORK, May 23.—Overseer of the Poor Baldwin, of Newark, is investigating the story of Mrs. Charles Paul Haus. She says her husband deserted her. The woman is frightfully disfigured. She says her injuries were caused a year ago at a hotel at Jacksonville, Fla. She and her husband were spending their honeymoon there. The husband was experimenting with chemicals. He mixed some and asked her to stir them while he experimented with some other. She did so. The husband mixed several chemicals, which he poured into the vessel containing the liquid she was mixing. The result was an explosion, and the young wife was badly burned. The sight of her left eye was destroyed, her upper lip and chin were lacerated and two fingers on her right hand blown off. Her life was despaired of, but she recovered. She says her husband deserted her because of her disfigurement, and that he is now living with another woman. At the time of the young woman's marriage she was considered very beautiful.

EJECTED A PRIEST.

Summary Method of a Polish Congregation at Mount Carmel, Pa.

MOUNT CARMEL, Pa., May 23.—The members of the large and influential Polish church congregation ejected their pastor, Rev. John Gulez, who was sent here a month ago to take the place of Father Machinkowski, whom Bishop McGovern had summarily removed to Shamokin.

Intense excitement prevailed and the authorities were asked to intervene. Quiet was at last restored, and the clergyman, escaping from the crowd, gained admittance again to the church. The congregation then separated, threatening to repeat the act of ejectment unless Bishop McGovern heads the request for a priest of their choice. Threats of wholesale arrests are made, and the action of the bishop, who has been wired about the occurrence, is awaited with much concern by the church leaders.